

## Respect Tha Drop

O.C.

Blood pulsatin, adrenaline flowin  
Full moon at night, on the stoop gettin right  
I'll never forget the day before  
Son told me to tuck my ice in cause niggaz was triflin  
We did what he said but the habit in me  
was to show it off, I still let my chain swang free  
Not really thinkin 'bout a set up, or even gettin wet up  
that summer night from such advice  
So I proceed to parlay, like I do in BK  
But this wasn't home, and niggaz shoul da known  
to stay on point, niggaz shoul da been on point  
And the price paid was lookin down the barrel of a joint  
We was dead meat, and them niggaz was wolves  
But they didn't want our flesh, dem niggaz wanted the jewels  
It happened so quick, no time to get afraid  
First instinct was to run like a slave  
Me and Schoolly Boy was boxed in  
My man Hugh's a few feet away, with a pound at his face  
I looked, son in his eyes cause I know how he is  
While the other faggot nigga had the gun in my ribs  
I thought - f\*\*k, shit 'bout to get buckwild  
Popped off my chain, threw it with a Coke and a smile  
Thinkin leave already, but them niggaz wasn't done  
They went in our pockets for change, numbers and bubblegum  
Now - how low can a lowlife get, askin what size are my kicks?  
Like I'ma say 8 and shit  
To myself I was sayin I'ma MURDER this kid  
But thank the Lord they didn't peel back my wig  
The jux wasn't longer than a minute to Mush  
Then them niggaz tried to tell us, do the Carl Lewis  
No backshots buddy, I began to walk backwards  
And bust my ass, it all happened so fast  
He thought I was shot, starin at me in shock  
Turned around, them niggaz was gone, vanished up the block  
There was no escapin what not  
With toasters in your face, maintain and respect the drop  
Word up  
You hear that?